90 E. 12th St.,
New York, 31 May, 1865.

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My Dear Garrison,

Yours dated Sunday reached me Monday morning, ~~and~~ affording me a satisfaction that I can hardly express. In writing my valedictory I ~~had~~ felt a strong assurance that I was acting wisely, but after it was printed I fell, as is not unusual with me after strong excitement, into a ~~self~~ critical mood, and needed to hear from my friends to reassure me. Your missing letter has ~~now~~ turned up at last, Mr. Lemist having accidentally ~~placed~~ placed it among some books on his table. It gives me great joy to find that your

judgment so heartily accords with what I wrote. It is another illustration of what I have so frequently observed, viz: that under almost any circumstances, you and I, with the same facts before us, reach the same conclusion by almost the same process. It has been very rare indeed, since I first knew you, that we have not seen "eye to eye;" and yet I know that I have never been your echo, but have always formed my opinions for myself. Such unity, with such independence, is a strong bond. Phillips's injustice has pained me more than anything else in my whole anti-slavery experience. I have admired and reverenced him so much that it

is hard for me now to admit the conclusions respecting his character which indubitable facts force upon me. I have felt his spirit as an iron entering my very soul, and am sure that, in his pride, he would crush me if he could. He has attempted to separate me from Quincy and from the Ex. Committee, condemning and denouncing me alone for acts in which they were equally involved with myself. Thank God, he has failed in this, and I have been nobly sustained.

You have doubtless learned that the Ex. Com. has sent to Quincy and myself a little starveling of a complimentary note as a substitute for Clay's resolution. We have both sent it back to

them, ~~it~~ and when you see our letters, as you likely enough will, in this week's Standard, I think you will be convinced that they have got a big flea in each of their ears. Quincy's letter especially is a scorcher upon Phillips, and must of course break friendship between them. He plants himself by my side, and assumes that he was included in all Phillips's accusations against me. If the letters don't appear in the Standard this week, Quincy can show you a copy of each.

Yours, faithfully,

Oliver P. Mason.